

Think About It...

We must be the change, we wish to see.

- Mahatma Gandhi

Editorial

I do not believe that an Indian is defined in terms of religion. This country is dominated by Hindus. But does that make being a Hindu equal to being an Indian? And if you are not a Hindu are you in any way not a 'real' Indian? Is there any difference between *Bharitayata* and *Hindutva*? These questions need to be answered as they define the rift which divides Indian Polity.

India has fallen prey to political parties based on religion, caste and regionalism. A sea-change was expected to come about in respect of communalism in independent India but nothing of that sort happened.

Both before and after independence, politicians have exploited caste and religion to attain their goals without a thought to the result. The 'intelligent and independent' junta follows whatever gibberish they utter.

I felt utterly ashamed of being a Hindu when I learnt about the 1984 Sikh carnage and the dreadful Gujarat riots. Whenever we take a step forward towards development, communalism takes us ten steps backward.

The mixing of religion with politics has gone to such an extent that some people feel that their social and economic interests are mutually antagonistic, incompatible and hostile with people of a different religion. I fail to understand why Islam is always shown to be related to violence when the Koran never speaks of it.

I may sound an atheist or a cynic when I say that we take religion too seriously. Farmers depend on God for rain and famines, droughts and natural disasters are believed to be caused by sins committed by humankind.

Some say that religion is nothing but faith. We may define faith as a firm belief in something for which there is no evidence. Where there is evidence no one speaks of faith. We do not speak of faith that two and two make four and that the earth is round. We only speak of faith when we wish to substitute emotion for evidence.

Most of us humans remember God only when we are in need or suffering from pain. There are those who even negotiate with God. "If you help me pass my exams, I will donate money to..."

It is extremely depressing to hear the Railway Minister say that it is the duty of Lord Vishwakarma to ensure the safety of passengers and not his.

When we need to focus on the pitiful state of the poor we waste time by relating religion to '*Vande Maataram*'. We will remain indifferent to our social and economic problems but the moment someone says something about our religion which we do not want to hear we will be ready with a stick and a gun. It is a very dangerous world our elders are handing over to us and we should begin to clean the dust at the grass-root level.

But Oli feels proud to say that we at Welham (or perhaps at any Public School) do not make a distinction between friends on the basis of religion. We do not befriend someone if he is a Hindu, Muslim, Christian, Sikh, Parsi or a Buddhist. And the reason is that this is what Public Schools are all about.

Ajitesh Kir

(AJITESH KIR)



Welham Now

- * The Inter-House Independence Day Quiz was held on 12th August. Ganga House emerged as the winner with Krishna being the runners-up.
- * On 14th August, a workshop on study skills was organized for classes X and XII.
- * **Zubin Nautiyal** stood first and the school choir stood third in the Milestone Talent Search held at St. George's College, Mussoorie, on 19th August.
- * A talk on Future studies in the United States was delivered on 21st August by the USEF.
- * **Awijit Paliwal** and **Adhiraj Sen** participated in Dr. Mahbub-ul-Haq Inter School English Debate held at The Doon School on 20th August.
- * The Financial Studies Department visited Flex Foods Pvt. Ltd. for their field trip on 24th August.
- * The School shooting team participated in the State Championship. **Shahbaz Singh** and **Uday Sandhu** have advanced to the Pre-National Championship.
- * **Mohit Dang**, an ex-Welhamite, gave a talk on future studies in University of Alberta, Canada.
- * An Inter-House Indian Music Competition took place on 25th August. Cauvery House was adjudged the winner.
- * The school team won the friendly soccer match against the Old Boys held on 20th August.
- * **Ajitesh Kir** was adjudged the second best speaker at the 2nd Round of the Outlook 'Speak-Out' Debate and has qualified for the national final to be at Delhi.
- * **Pandit Ajay Pohanker** gave a scintillating performance on 6th September, in the Activity Centre. The event was organised by Spic Macay
- * Subsequent to **Mr. Vikram Chopra's** departure, **Mr. Sunil Tandon** has joined the Welham Community as AO, on 15th September. **Mr. Tandon**, a proficient basketball player, has Captained the Indian Team on many occasions. We wish Mr. Tandon a long and happy stay at Welham.
- * The school stood second in the Inter-School English Elocution Contest at Welham Girls'. **Zoravar Jamwal** stood second in the individual event and the Junior School stood first in the group event.
- * A new Reverse Osmosis plant with a bigger capacity than the older one has been installed at Bethany.

W.O.B.N

To all Ex-Welhamites (Students & Teachers)
ABOUT THE WEBSITE (www.wobs.in)

It is with a great deal of excitement that I would like to inform all of you that the website of The Welham Old Boys' Society is finally up. The complete credit for this goes to Sandeep Sawhney (Batch 1991 Ganga House) who has put in a lot of hard work and his valuable time to have this site up and running. We all owe him a big THANKS.

I would request each one of you to please register on the site (www.wobs.in) immediately, if not already done. As of today we already have over 180 persons who have registered on this site, which is quite good considering that it has been less than a week since the site was actually up. But we still have a long way to go. The website will act as a great platform for us to be in touch with old friends and have information on the whereabouts of ex-Welhamites. As a society it will help us to gain information about our members and also to keep all of you updated with events being organized by the society. Some of the old issues of The Oliphant will be uploaded on to the site and we plan that all forthcoming editions of The Oliphant will be available on the website.

I urge each of you, who read this communication to please register on the website if you have not already done so and try and get as many ex-Welhamites to register as well. The success of the Society and website really depends on all of us taking a keen interest in the affairs of the Society. We, on the executive, are trying really hard to improve on the state of the Society but we need support from all of you.

Get-together in Delhi on 14th October, 2006

An ex-Welhamites get-together has been fixed for the 14th October, 2006, in New Delhi at Tivoli Gardens. I would request as many persons as can make it to be present for this evening. Please bring along your spouses / girlfriends / children along to make this event a greater success. We plan to surprise you a little with some special invitees subject to confirmations from them. I assure you that it will be a very enjoyable evening. Details for this event are also mentioned on the website and contact persons are mentioned below for any clarifications that you require. **WE WOULD GREATLY APPRECIATE IF YOU COULD CONFIRM YOUR PARTICIPATION ON THE WEBSITE (www.wobs.in)**

Founder's Day celebrations: 03rd – 05th NOVEMBER, 2006

The Founder's Day celebrations are scheduled for 03rd - 05th November, 2006. We plan to have an Old Boys Dinner on the school premises on the 04th November, 2006 and the AGM would be held, tentatively, on 5th No-

vember, 2006 morning. We will also try and fix some matches with the school teams.

Nikhil Kriplani
(President, WOBS)

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Letters to the Ed...

Dear Ed,

The latest issue of 'The Oliphant' was a delight to read. There has definitely been a rise in the standard of the contents of the magazine. The articles allow the readers to introspect and realize their duties towards the nation as "midnight's children's grand children". You people really deserve a commendable pat on your back for bringing out such a thought provoking issue.

Kudos to the Board and we hope that 'The Oliphant' goes on to attain greater heights.

Supporting the spirit of Independence,
The Captains
Welham Girls' School

Dear Captains,

It is very heartening to know that people at your end appreciate the hard work put in by the Oli Board. It is even more heartening to know that the youth does ponder upon the challenges which we will be facing in the near future. I'm glad that there are youngsters who realize the freedom of choice which was achieved by the undying efforts of our forefathers.

I hope this spirit does not die out and we, the heirs to India strive to give it the position it deserves.

Oli will try its best to keep enlightening you on more of important issues. Happy reading!

Write to us at:

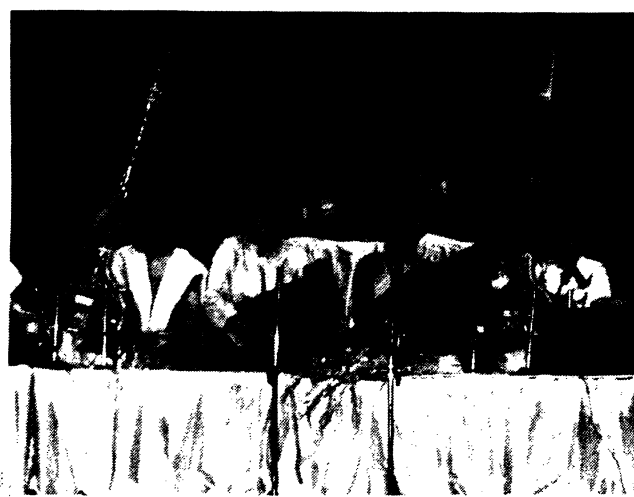
The Editor,
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OR

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A Mesmerising Evening...

Very aptly did our Principal Mr. Lahiri sum up the evening of 6th September by saying that two bolts of lightning had struck Dehra Dun. One that made our sound system almost unusable and the other was Pandit Pohanker.



Pandit Ajay Pohanker with the other performers

An extraordinary vocalist, Pandit Pohanker is an artiste of international acclaim. He has won many prestigious awards and has come a long way since he had started singing at the tender age of seven.

On the evening of 6th September, Pandit Pohanker accompanied by his wife, also a classical singer in her own right, kept everyone mesmerized for over an hour and half. It was an amazing experience. He performed many ragas. He also performed some popular classical tracks which have been remixed by Bollywood music directors.

Panditji also taught the boys various techniques of singing classical songs. He showed how by the mere repetition of a few words, the outcome of songs can drastically change and it can become even more soulful.

- Vanshaj Agarwal

XI - Hum

Corridors of Togetherness

The following short account is an amalgamation of fact and fiction. Inspired by the vagaries of the teacher-taught relationship, the passage attempts to throw light on both sides of this intense and eternal bond.

I still remember that morning, when I was in school, working on some pending work, when I heard the ring of the telephone.

A call from WBS; I wasn't quite prepared for it...

And so, a month later, there I was, in the campus of this rather world-renowned school, with some students entrusted to my care, for me to groom and educate.

Are the schools same? The students? How different would it be teaching here? Well, it was very soon to be found out. "Good morning, Ma'am", said the students, as the HOD introduced me to them. This was the first time I ever saw Yogesh, the first time Raghav, and the first time Vasu.

I had no idea what lay ahead. Who would be my favourite, who would be my fan? Who would try to please me by bringing background news as to who said what to whom? Who will smile at me the most? Who would question me the most? Who would imitate my way of speech? How much will our lives entwine with each other? How much will our lives change, changing each other's? The first few days passed smoothly. They usually do. It's when they get used to you – your way of talking, way of dressing up, way of teaching – they begin showing up their true colour.

"However good a teacher you may be, if you are not strict, the discipline of the class would suffer. Of course, there would be many who would like you, even adore you, but surely there would be some, who if not checked would disturb and distract – robbing the class of its sanctity..." I recalled the sincere advice of an old timer where I had taught earlier. "Teaching is one thing," he categorically mentioned, "and maintaining discipline another."

But I was of a different kind. Extremely soft spoken, I would never use hard, indecorous words or expressions. In fact, hardly did I ever utter a command without a "gentlemen".

Zayed, a student absent for few days, and seeing me for the first time came to me, and extending his hand to shake mine said "Hello, ma'am pleased to meet you. I am Zayed and you?" I had never seen such an overture display of introduction. Nevertheless shaking hands with him I introduced myself, I didn't forget to mention, "Pleased to meet you", of that brief ceremonial welcome as the children were getting familiar with me, so was their behaviour becoming more dauntless. Some would engage themselves in talking; a few apparently completing work. Sometimes they would throw an exaggerated laughter on a 'not so funny' joke told by me. For me a natural, untamed behaviour was preferred to forcibly make anyone learn.

They were young, energetic and affectionate I saw innocence in their rebellions. More than half the age of mine, they had not half the acumen to judge who is who, what is what.

Sometimes the boys appeared innocent, sometimes brats. As the middle bars of the scales I never got a chance to be stable even for a second. The pans invariably oscillated either this or that side. Whatever they did, whoever they were, they were mine – my little friends. It mattered not how they saw me, but how I saw them.

But then, students were young; they didn't know how to judge. They had no dexterity to distinguish what's good for them and what only seems to be. That bitter pills were more beneficial for them sweet confectionery rolled in honey and sugar. Their raging spirits either only loathed those who didn't agree with them, or unnecessary adulated those who did; for this was the time they were most egocentric – nobody in front, nobody behind, no body flanking only they, and they – in the centre of the whole wide universe. For today Raghav was angel, divine, Rohit a symbol of energy and Yuvraj an epitome of an ideal student. Today, they are, the twenty of them, were mine. And the day belonged to me – rather it belonged to us.

- Monica Chandel

Stabbed! The Indian Dream

Let me take a minute of yours. A minute in which you forget the sky-high GDP growth. A minute in which you forget great Indian personalities like Laxmi Mittal, who have made their mark in the global industry. A minute in which you neglect the little influence the Indian industry makes in the global scenario. A minute in which you ignore the ever rising Sensex.

We believe that India is on the verge of turning into a superpower. A dream which is realistic according to all our politicians. A dream which is nothing more than an illusion for the rest of the country.

Yes, in a country where 25% of the population is unaware of the word "electricity", we talk about surplus electricity by 2008. In a country where 70% of the farmers depend on rain for irrigation, we talk about getting rid of poverty.

Each year new taxes are imposed. Each year the internal security budget touches new heights. The Bombay blast says it all. A tragedy which led to immense loss of money and more importantly cost many lives.

Delhi is host to the prestigious Commonwealth Games. Plans have been laid down to 'change' the city and make it ready by then. Government sources have promised proper completion as they have always done for all development projects, promises that have never been kept or completed when they were of no value.

The population as been termed as an asset by the Government. Our HRD minister says that India has the most 'capable' human resource. Hard to believe that 4.11 crore of the most capable human resource of the world are still waiting outside closed doors for employment. Even harder to digest that 11 crores of this so called capable resource are still illiterate.

When every hour corruption is 'stabbing' the Indian economy; when everyday, the newspaper highlights farmers suicides due to poor policies, the Indian dream seems far, too distant or perhaps impossible.

- Praharsh Agarwal
IX - A

Film Review: Rope

What makes the perfect murder? Are there a few among us ordinary men, who possess a superior intellect, the supermen? And can these men strive to perfect murder as an art? These questions chill the heart, similar to the way Hitchcock's 'Rope' chills the soul.

Two friends, influenced by their old school master's cold, cruel yet frighteningly logical philosophies on life and death, set out to murder a man, an acquaintance, strangling him with a piece of rope.

But this is not where the story ends. In fact, it is only the beginning. After killing the man, they put him into a wooden trunk in their living room. Then they invite guests over for dinner immediately, the guest list includes the man's parents, his fiancé as well as an ex-lover of the fiancé. Apart from all of these, they also invite their old school master, in an attempt to add that element of danger and excitement to the night.

Things appear to go along smoothly till one of the two friends begins to get jittery and scared of being revealed. Complications ensue, words spill out here and there, unexpected events take place and unwanted people arrive.

Filmed entirely within seven 'takes', the film is a tribute to Hitchcock's inimitable style and sophistication.

- The Welham Film Society

An Odyssey to Oblivion

The raindrops slid off my long coat as I limped along the pavements of the Gariahat Road. I almost stumbled after each step as I was still under the influence of chloroform and every gasp of breath I exhaled had enough evidence for any kind of surveillance to arrest me for consumption of alcohol; my age would not be an argument for my bail. My back still bled due to the acupuncture experiment on me and I wouldn't have been surprised if a couple of bent or damaged needles still stuck to my body like blood thirsty leeches. But still that much physical agony was tolerable as compared to what I bore within the core of my heart. I had the sensation that someone was following me but still I kept sidling in a nonchalant manner.

The nostalgia of the hospital bed, the snobbish doctor, the sweeper on duty in the morning at the hospital, the nurse were still fresh enough to be 'flashy' enough for any psychiatrist if he 'rummaged' through my mind. I was too careless at that moment to picturise the receptionist but I was sure that she was a brunette and could be described as coquettish. Though all such illusions flashed through my mind, I still wanted to serve Hades in Tartarus, the gates of hell. I was myself saturated to the zenith with sins but still Hades wouldn't spare his crown for me; Gods do not offer responsibilities to the common multitude due to their jealousy and pride.

The dim lamps in front of a pub a few yards away assured me that I would find alcohol in there. To satisfy my curiosity, I knew it was safe for me to enter as it was away from the common din and bustle. I knew that I need not wink at the gatekeeper or act foolish amidst bouncers. Neither was I supposed to be there to enjoy midnight dalliances with the feminine race that wandered there to sell their bodies temporarily... I was there to buy a bottle of whisky. Still I made sure I wore some kind of cologne and had enough money to fulfil my need - alcohol.

Within an hour I stood at the doorstep of the inn - my shirt sticking to my body and I had stayed away from enthusiastic couples. I stumbled upon the doormat but still regained my stand. Though I had lost my steps, I started walking down the pavement. I was sidling down the pavement and I still had the sensation that someone was following me...

When I turned around I saw a stray puppy trailing me. I picked up the puppy in my arms and cuddled it.

6 The Oliphant



Then I put it down and let it go on its way. Soon, I was lost in oblivion and couldn't control the momentum of my body. I let myself slip down the railing, into the river. Half my body was submerged in the water and the rest floated on the surface. I recollected the order of the day and then closed my eyes as I knew that a steamer would pick me up in the morning or the waves would carry me to the shores of Tartarus...

- Ayan Mukherjee
X - B

bloodshed and cries followed. Once again, the people united to help the needy.

This short skit by the junior and middle school posed a very serious and grave question. Have the Indians such weak moral fibre that at one moment we hug each other and after few individuals provoke us, are ready to slay our own countrymen?

The evening concluded with a song that tried to instill a spirit of brotherhood amongst the Indians.

- Vanshaj Agarwal
XI - Hum

Awakening...

Just like any other school, in Welham too, festivities usually begin in advance. The evening of 14th August was a memorable one. Welhamites were celebrating and the occasion was the eve of the 59th Independence Day of our country.

Amongst a large gathering of students, teachers, parents and guests, the social studies department presented "Awakening... A Song Without Words", a skit that depicted the way the universe came into existence, how man was born and, how everyone gets divided on communal lines.

The show started with amazing dances performed by boys of the junior school, depicting one element each that combine to form life. They were fire, wind, water, soul and earth. Then, the child that depicted humanity was introduced to the religion of the world. He jumped and played about with people of all religions but then came the harsh reality. Some communal leaders provoked the people against each other. Death, destruction,

We Remember...

Every year Independence Day at Welham makes sure that the people who serve us do not feel left out. This year too the cream on the cake was added by the smiles of the children from the municipal school which we have adopted.

Independence means far more at Welham than just singing the national anthem and hoisting the national flag, which every school in the country does without fail! We are the difference!

To emphasize the 'one world, one human' theme games such as the three legged race, wheelbarrow race, the tug of war and the needle race are conducted. Though they are fun to be a part of, all of them signify togetherness and unity in their own special way. It is heartening to see teachers, students, support staff and the underprivileged children come together and enjoy life in unison, a unison that was dreamt for us by people such as Mahatma Gandhi and Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan when they gave their heart and soul selflessly to the country's purpose.

There was a special balloon bursting competition for the children from the municipal school which they enjoyed thoroughly...never wanting the joy that they were cherishing so much, to end!

There is a spark of thankfulness and love in their eyes which prompts one to realize that put amongst any of the so-called upper classes and given the opportunity, they would have been no different than ordinary high-society primary school children.

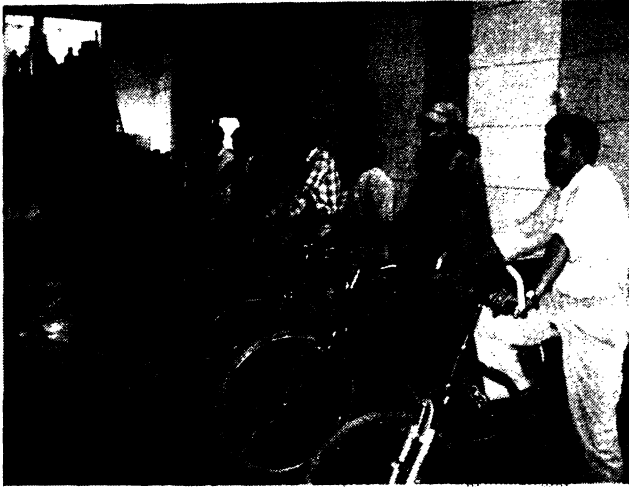
With the games ending we also witnessed several 'bouts' of singing from various members of the community. This year also saw Mr. Chander Singh retire and the school donate a cheque of rupees one lakh to Mr. Jai Prakash, a member of the support staff who has lost his house and belongings in a recent flash flood.



After the show...



The lunch on Independence Day is the most important event of the day, though I personally pity the



Waiting for the flag off.

cooks, who have to bear the brunt of the insatiable hunger of the Welhamites (teachers included)!

The lunch observes a reversal of responsibilities with the staff and students first serving the support staff, then the senior students feeding the juniors and the staff, and finally the staff serving the seniors.

All in all it was a wonderful experience for those involved in the activities and at least a subconscious one for the ones who are 'not very much interested'! Life is a journey and refuelling stations like these do make it a worthwhile one before we reach our ultimate destination.

*Sudipt Juneja
XI - Comm*

Life...

Through the years of this long road,
I have lived but just *one* mode;
The mode is the painful, tearful life,
This "life" of ours which is full of strife.....
The "life" will you the best it can
But it is this dangerous creature-man,
Who's taking away its legs and hands,
So life cannot stand like man stands.....
It all begins with you as a child
When you are not mild but are wild;
Living your life to the top of your heart,
The real life where, is hardly a part...
Slowly and gradually you will grow up,

The truth you will know which was hidden since
you were a pup;

The truth about the world of today,

The world which is no longer gay...

This world which has fallen down,

Has completely devoured every town;

The world which God for us had found,

The world which earlier in love was bound...

Evil and terrorism rules every street.

Every street is celebrating evil's treat.

Good has been lost in some unknown place,

Too ashamed it is to show its face....

So you can see hear and touch,

To destruct, we have done so much.

Let's rebuild this place brick by brick

And yeah... that will do the trick!!

The trick to find our lost good,

The trick to uncover honesty's hood.

Let's join our hands and begin the task to be done.

And then, my friends, we will have some fun!

- Jaskunwar Singh Kohli

VIII - A

Tension

"I have to pack my clothes, complete my homework and class work and after that I have to catch up with my pending work. Oh my God! I have to polish my brush... no, polish my shoes, brush my teeth and aaaaarrggghhh! Only one Sunday to do all this!

If you find yourself in a similar situation, then you are in tension.

Tension is a mixture of anger, sadness mixed with frustration and decorated with hopelessness. Everyone wishes to get rid of their tensions. I will not tell you how to do so. What would life be without tension?

I am dead sure that you would not have thought of this until right now... earlier you were too busy cursing it. When you have tremendous amounts of work left to do and you do it (by hook or by crook), a sense of satisfaction three times greater than your tension creeps into your heart (mathematically proved). You feel as if you have dropped a blue whale off your back and you feel elated. You cherish the moment of peace like a poor child cherishes his first ice-cream.

Imagine if you had no tension, then would you be able to cherish that invaluable moment? Remember when the world is very happy then it is not happy at all. Just as if everyone were superheroes, no one would be

The Oliphant

superheroes...

Getting rid of my tension,

- Siddharth Agrawal

IX - B

Ants Day Out

In my room in Ganga House, my bed is near the window. A week or so after the new term had begun, I noticed that there were about eight to ten ants on the window, right next to my bed. I have never been interested in ants, as a result I never bothered to think of what to do, and left them as they were, thinking that they would go back to where they had come from. Sure they did. The next morning, there were no ants on the window. You might say, I was interested in the ants and had therefore bothered to check whether they were there at the window or not, but that's not it. I love to look out from the window, whenever possible, because you get a lovely view of some parts of the school from Ganga House. It was when I was looking out from the window that I noticed there were no ants on the window.

After lunch that day, I noticed that there were more than five dozen ants on the window. I don't know why but I've always disliked ants and mosquitoes. I'm sure most of you would say "What kind of a boy is he? Doesn't he know that they are so hard working and that they teach us a great lesson, to stick on to our work and so on and so forth. Sure they do, but it's their presence that makes me feel insecure, and as a result I dislike them.

I thought for some time and then got a terrific idea. I opened my locker took out my deodorant and sprayed it all around the window. Since their presence made me sick I went out to play, thinking that now they would die. To my utter amazement, there were almost one hundred fifty of them when I came back from games. They probably found my deodorant very sweet and it seemed to me as if they had come to say that we want some more!

I got a little curious as to how the other ants had come there. I wondered if they could tell each other where a source of food was like bees can, or do they find it by accident.

So I tore a page from my register and put it on the window, and waited for the ants to climb on to it. After sometime, there were a dozen ants walking on the paper that I had placed there. I quickly held the paper in my hands and as fast as possible took it and left it at the right corner of my room. I wondered if they could find

their way back to the window I looked on curiously. When I left them in the corner, they started heading in all directions. After some time they all formed a kind of single line and they seemed to follow the ant that was leading in the front. They looked like a line of soldiers going to war. I quickly drew the curtains to make sure that the ants could not see the windows, because I thought they could probably 'make' out the place by seeing it.

I observed them curiously. They had started going to the other corner of the room and after some time returned. They kept moving from one corner to another and I really started getting mad. When I looked at my watch I realized that I had been observing the ants for two hours. I opened the curtain hoping they would probably make it to the window. They still couldn't and that made me go really crazy. I concluded that they didn't really have any sense of smell and sight, after all.

I was getting restless now so I started ferrying the ants back to window. When I finished doing so I noticed that they were all going out of the window through a small hole that they'd come through. I realized then that they did recognize things.

Days passed by and they didn't return. I looked at the window day in and day out but they didn't return. I thought that they'd probably warned other members of their group not to come to the window for they had experienced the trauma of getting separated from their group.

One day during games, a friend of mine whose room is next to mine came up to me and said, "Yaar, I've got a lot of ants coming into my room these days."

- Imtiaz Hussain Kacho

IX-A

Teachers

Do you know who is a teacher?

I will describe her as our future.

She is the one who gives us education

She is the one who is full of passion and sometimes our possession

Such teachers in my school are really wonderful

They tell us about different trends

And treat us like friends.

At last I want to say

They are as bright as a new day

Bringing a new ray of hope everyday

-Ashutosh Agarwal

VIII - A



Oliphant Focus

What is the significance of religion in today's world? Is it true that we only think of God when we are in trouble?

Increasingly, religion, faith and the name of God are being used by petty, communal minded individuals to achieve political and economic ends.

Is religion based primarily upon our fear? Is religion a subjective term or is it a set of documented codified rules expected to be followed by everyone? While there are many religions, all worship God. However some find it hard to digest this statement and keep fighting between each other to prove that their religion is more superior.

Have we reduced the name of the almighty to this? This needs to be answered by all of us.

Religion has become the greatest barrier today, far stronger than any political and geographical boundary. Whilst every religion was supposed to bring people together, it is now being studied in such a way that harrowing distances have instead been created between people.

Exploitation is a mild term to use where faith is concerned. It has been horrendously and wrongfully smeared with the blood of thousands of innocent lives. It has been mercilessly raped and shamed in full public view. What remains is the desire for revenge, a thirst for blood, greed and... ego!

The most widely misunderstood religion in the world today is Islam. The misunderstanding has reached such a level that while having a conversation on religious fanaticism, a group of 'low on information' people usually end up concluding that "Islam is the most radical religion in the world!"

It is not the teachings of prophet Mohammed that preach intolerance. There is a set of people who have interpreted the teachings according to their likings. All adamant minds bent on erasing the 'white west' and ignorant of the true meaning of the Koran.

Islam means to 'surrender to God' and its literal meaning is fed into the unsuspecting minds of young men. In socially and economically backward countries education of any kind is hard to come by, whether it is schooling or about life. Some organizations take advantage of this and the hatred for the occupying military forces to lure young people to a supposed path to 'freedom' and to start schooling in 'madrassas', where the Koran is taught in a radical way followed by military training. In a couple of years the young minds are cooked to perfection and ready for consumption for the evil ideas of their leaders.

The Koran is a wonderful book for a mind with a conscience, but for minds filled with hatred and lacking basic education, its verses can be very dangerous. For example, one of its verses says,

"Seize him and bind him,
Then burn him in fire,
Then in seventy cubit chain control him,
For he disbelieved in God
And towards the feeding of the hungry did nothing."

Now imagine a classroom in a Taliban madrassa. The class has an extremist cleric as a teacher and unsuspecting boys barely twelve years old are listening to him. Here's what he will say to make the boys understand only what is required of them, "All the people living in western countries and belonging to any other faith do not believe in Allah, thus it is our duty to cast terror into their hearts, seize them, burn them and in doing this we protect the dignity of the Almighty and make our lives worthwhile by putting it to his cause!"

Poor souls, they need to know that God exists in thousands of forms and that Allah himself had asked his followers to be tolerant of other religions and by 'jihad' he had meant that people should have the courage to be able to speak the truth to the oppressor's face.

Similarly the holy book also mentions that "Men are in charge of women and the hardliners have taken this in its literal sense too by policing the lives of females by not allowing them to go to school, to stay in 'purdah', to wear the 'burkha' every time they venture out of the house and through other untold miseries.

Islam is a beautiful religion but it is incomprehensible to the dirty minds of evil-doers. As of now it needs a resurrection of sorts which would include provision of economic aid, good education to cut the supply of 'men' for religious fanaticism and a lot of love, care and support, for the world is 'one big country' now and no one can afford to run away from the consequences of terrorism.

Perhaps the hard-line clerics should also mention the following verse to their leaders:

'Enjoin ye righteousness upon mankind
While ye yourselves forget (to practice it)
And ye readers of the scripture!
Have ye then no sense.'

Your war is not worthy unless you yourselves do not truly believe in it.

Think about it.

- Sudipt Juneja
XI - Com

10 The Oliphant

The Fight Within

Societies, all over the world today, thrive on rivalries. There is competition, jealousy and prejudice no matter where you look, be it Welham vs. Doon, Hindu vs. Stephens, communists vs. capitalists or even two male frogs fighting for the female's affection.

Jealousy is the most powerful emotion. It has driven us to such extremes, that peaceful coexistence has become impossible. Man is, and will remain aggressive by nature. Somewhere, deep within the depths of the unconscious, this animal urge still lives on. We are in a constant state of struggle, a struggle amongst ourselves, to reach the top, push everyone else down and make sure they may never rise up again.

Such is the struggle between our beliefs. Each one feels his own thoughts and ideas to be superior and does not hesitate to make this evident.

It is funny how a person needs to criticize another to develop, or rather form his own identity; criticize something as much as possible so that you can feel better about yourself because, if you praise another, you begin to feel ashamed of your own minimal contribution to the well being of society.

It is an inverse ratio, this game. Think bad, feel good. But what people fail to understand is that it doesn't matter what you believe in, as long as that belief allows you to carry on with life with strength and with a clear conscience. I say 'conscience', because reinforcing one's own beliefs by harming another will most certainly taint our conscience. The guilt, the regret, will drown us in shame.

My faith, my ideas, my beliefs belong to me, will affect me and will shape me, and only me. No one else.

But since nobody understands that, people will go on fighting for generations to come. The hate will never leave our souls, and matters will just keep getting worse till we wipe ourselves out. The fighting will never stop, so the next time Ms. Universe goes up and declares to the world her quest for world peace... kindly turn off your TV sets!

I know a person, a friend of mine, whom I have tried hard but failed to classify as religious or irreligious. According to everyone else, he is a violent, angry, rebellious and confused young man. He professes an intense dislike for almost everyone around him. Such a description would almost entirely disqualify him from being a God fearing individual. Yet from what little I know of

him, he possessed a sincere love and admiration for his country and his people.

He protested fiercely against any jibes at his beliefs. He explained to us beautiful and poignant philosophies, with his own touch of hard hitting reality.

Most of all, he was successful in maintaining a strong set of beliefs, without any hesitation or reluctance, beliefs by which he stood unflinchingly.

- Kartik Viswanath
XII - Hum

The Minors of the Religious World

A world full of religions can be compared to a multi-cultural society. Some have learned to live in peace and harmony with their neighbours while some have declared a religious war against the other. This society has some big communities that overshadow the others like the:

Confucianism – Based on the following of 'Tao' (The way), not a God but the wisdom of living a balanced life in harmony with nature and neighbours. Based in the interiors of the Chinese mainland, Confucianism dominated the philosophical, ethical and political thinking of the people. It emphasized learning, harmony, moderation, tolerance, courtesy and respect for the past. The Confucian ideal of rationality and balance left little room for superstition and spiritualism.

Taoism – It began in China during the fourth century and unlike Confucianism it has many popular Gods. It is symbolized by 'yin' and 'yang', the balance of existence. It has many similarities in faith and beliefs with Buddhism. The number of followers is considerably large as the faith is situated in China which has a large population.

Zoroastrianism – It was founded in Persia (Iran) around 1000 B.C. and is based on a balanced life of good and evil. Zoroaster was the major prophet and popularized the faith among the Persians and many other tribes. It got much support from the Persian emperors such as Darius and Cyrus and was patronized by them. It is followed in Iran and also in India.

Nature's Diary

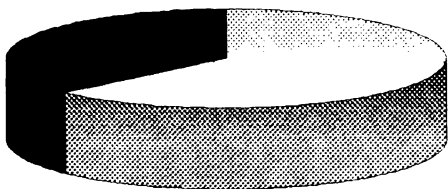
Evolution of the Chipko Movement

Baha-i-alla – Based on the worship of one God, the Bahai faith was founded in Persia (Iran), in the 19th century by Baha-u-lla. It can be compared to Islam and is considered to be one of its branch. Over the years it has been fiercely debated. Although much information couldn't be gathered about this faith, it is popular among the Iranian tribes.

These are only some of the minor religions in this world divided by beliefs. They have been much influenced by the major ones such as Christianity and Islam and have influenced others themselves. Even though their number of followers is quite negligible, but still they have played a major role in some of the great empires and civilizations.

- Anesh Garung
XI - Hum

Has religion led to more violence than peace?



☐ Yes
☒ No

WELHAM PIE

Class XII: Yes: 23 No: 14
Class XI: Yes: 17 No: 16
Class X: Yes: 24 No: 17
Class IX: Yes: 30 No: 5
Staff: Yes: 12 No: 10

This is what religion means to some Welhamites -

Rasik Goyal – Religion is nothing but faith that takes a person through all his difficulties because he feels that there is someone looking over him at all stages of life.

Mrs. Lahiri – Faith.

Sudipt Juneja – Religion today is a shield and a commodity, which has lost its original purpose to unite humanity.

Adhiraj Sen – Different religions are different on account of distortions that have occurred through their history, but their basic message is the same.

In Independent India the mode of non-violent resistance to destructive development was revived as the 'chipko' or 'Embrace the tree' movement in continuity with the Indian tradition of restoring conflicts through non-violent non-cooperation. The 'Chipko' movement can be traced historically to the drastic changes in forest management and utilization introduced in India during the colonial period.

With the introduction of the Forest Acts of 1878 and 1927, the access and rights of people to forests were severely encroached upon. The following years witnessed the spread of forest *Satyagrahas* throughout India as a protest against the reservation of forests for exclusive exploitation of the British commercial interests, and its concomitant transformation of a common resource into a commodity. Villages ceremonially removed forest products from reserved forests to assert their right to satisfy their basic needs. The forest *Satyagrahas* were especially successful in the Himalayas, the Western Ghats and the central Indian hills where the survival of the local population was deeply linked with access to forests. Non-violent protests were suppressed by the British. After enormous loss of life the *Satyagrahis* were successful in reviving some of the traditional rights of the village communities to various forest products.

The objective of growth in financial terms continued to direct contemporary forest management even in post-Independence India with greater ruthlessness, since it was now carried on in the name of "National interest" and "economic growth". The cost of achieving the growth was the destruction of forest ecosystems and huge losses to the nation through droughts and floods. The people's response to this deepening crisis emerged as a non-violent Gandhian resistance called the Chipko Movement. Beginning in the early 1970s in the Garhwal region of Uttaranchal, the methodology of Chipko has now spread to almost all parts of the country including Himachal Pradesh, Karnataka, Orissa, Rajasthan

Both the earlier forest *Satyagrahas* and the Chipko Movement are similar. Both had arisen from conflicts over forest resources and were similar cultural responses to forest destruction. The thing that differentiated Chipko from the earlier struggles was its ecological basis. The

12 The Oliphant

Chipko *Satyagraha* arose from the alarming signals of rapid ecological destabilization in the hills. Villages that were self-sufficient in food had to resort to food imports because of declining food productivity. There was a reduction of soil fertility in the forests and water sources began to dry up as the forests disappeared.

The Chipko movement is still on in contemporary times since it provides for a strategy of survival not only for the villages of Garhwal but for all human societies which are threatening environmental disasters.

The question which that we need to ask ourselves as individuals is that what is better for us "economic growth" or "healthy atmosphere" from which we breathe our independence? We have to pick one of these slogans.

"What do forests bear?
Profit on resin and timber."
The choice is yours.

Prateek Singh
XII- Hum

Young Wings

The first letter of each line of these poems form the words
'Sunday'
'School days'
'Beckham' if you read it downwards.

Sunday
Useful day
Never boring day
Day shows you the way
At noon I say
You wake up before the day

- Shubham & Keshav
V- B

Sad days
Class days
Horrible days
On every day tests days
Only study days
Long and bad days
Day and night study days
And no playing days
Yes only working days
Sunday also study day



- Gurmeher & Abhay
V- B

Beckham is his name
England is his team
Captain of the team
Kick of the glory he shoots
Hair style is cool
Amazing are his team mates
Man of the future he is



- Arikesh
V- A

A Miser

Once in Jaipur there lived a man named Chanakya. He was very strong and rich but was a miser.

One day Chanakya went to the forest for hunting. Suddenly, he heard a voice, "Oh sire, please give me some food, I am very hungry". Chanakya said, "Why don't you work and earn money, what is your name?" "My name is Ramu, I used to work but my master killed my family and tried to kill me but I escaped". Chanakya didn't give him anything and went to his house.

The next day when Chanakya went hunting he heard a roar and suddenly a tiger jumped on him. But fortunately Ramu came and saved Chanakya's life by hitting the tiger with a large rock.

Chanakya told Ramu "I am very sorry for being unkind to you." Chanakya brought Ramu to his house and Ramu worked as a clerk in Chanakya's hotel.

Moral - Heart is more precious than money.

- Nitin Kumar
V-B

The Poor Man

Once there was a man who was as cunning as a fox but as cowardly as a cat. He was rich enough to afford fifty bikes at a time. For this reason he was very proud of himself. His bungalow was ten miles from the river bank. Near the bank lived a poor man. The proud man had given a job to the poor man to bring him fresh juicy mangoes from the trees beside the bank. The poor man would always pluck some mangoes from the trees and run across the road for the proud man. He had promised him that if he brought the mangoes in thirty minutes, he would pay him double the amount of money that he would get from a police officer but, everyday he found a reason, the mangoes were not juicy or were raw and sour.

Once the poor man got ill and could not come to the proud man's house to give him mangoes. He informed the proud man from the nearby PCO. The proud man got angry and could not wait for juicy mangoes he saw



in his dreams. That day the servants were on holiday. So, he took his guards with him and drove for two hours and reached the riverbank. He went to the thick trees when suddenly some outlaws attacked his guards and surrounded the man. The outlaws asked the man for enough money to last a year or maybe more. After obtaining a great deal of money, the outlaws decided to kill the man because they thought that he would tell the villagers and they would come and destroy their small city. They decided to chop off his head but suddenly they heard the loud noise of villagers. Soon, the poor man came with lots of men with him to rescue his master. After he was saved, the proud man was happy with the poor man and asked him what he wanted for in exchange for saving his life. The poor man asked for only one thing and that was for him to experience the life of a poor man. The proud man stayed with him in a hut for a week and decided to spend the rest of his life in a hut and forget his pride and money.

This story teaches us that however rich we are, we should never forget our values. We have to be rich from our heart.

- Kartikay
V-B

What is Life Like?

Life is like a garden,
Full of roses and thorns;
Life is like a debate topic,
Full of pros and cons

Life is like a game of soccer,
Full of victories and defeats;
Life is like Halloween,
Where we get to trick or treat.

Life is like a trek,
Full of fun and risks;
Life is like a castle of happiness,
Built of sorrowful bricks.

Life is like old memories,
Full of joy and sorrow;
Life is like the barter system,
In which we lend and borrow.

Life is like a mountain,
Having a lot of ups and downs;
Life is like the king,
Who prides himself on his crown.

Life is like time and tide,
That do not wait for any man;
Life is like the longest race,
We human beings have ever run.

Life is like the path to success,
That doesn't have an end;
Life is like the bond of trust,
Between two real friends.

Life is God's greatest gift,
We are His best creation;
Love His loveliest work of art,
The world His most wonderful invention .

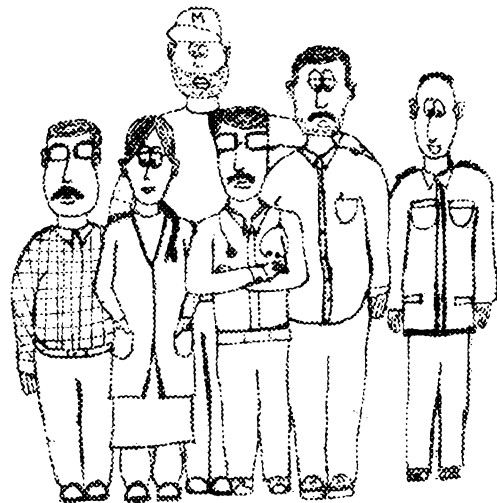
Life is everything,
Everything is life;
Life is nothing but a dream,
That's what life is like.

- Param Shah
VIII - C

Dude(s) of the Month!!!

Headache, cold, fever or... Zygopheria!!!...or any other disease which has ever been discovered by Welhamites – The Hospital staff has taken care of it with the wink of an eye.

With the *bearerji* getting tea in the morning and changing the 30 year old bed sheets, the compounder checking everybody's fever, the sister shoving *khichdi* down little boys' throats, the doctor prescribing medicines and the night-duty person separating his share of food from the others – the *hospi* staff works round the clock.



This month has witnessed over fifty people being diagnosed with typhoid and a large number of them going home for a free holiday. The *aspataal* team has had to work day and night to cure the patients and have done a tremendous job.

They certainly deserve a pat on their back for their efforts. Way to go 'dudes'!!!

"Dekh tere sansar ki haalat kya ho gayi bhagwan, Kitna badal gaya insaan"

Today, the world has become modern. The people have changed, their lifestyles have changed, in fact the entire world has changed including us Indians. Even though the western countries have performed much faster, the mania of modernization has overcome us as well and has been 'devouring' our culture and patriotism ever since. In our sixty years of independence we have gone through an immense change. From 'Mere desh ki dharti sona ugle' to 'Tu hi meri shab hai' and 'Ya ali'. And our famous slogans of 'Jai jawan, jai kisan', 'Jai hind' and 'Hindustan Zindabad' are only to be heard in movies or on occasions like Independence Day or Republic Day.

The times are long gone when the Indian child gets up, goes to his parents and touches their feet first. Today the child gets up and says, "Why have you woken me up so early in the morning?"

As for patriotism, today you hardly find any patriots like Jawahar Lal Nehru, Mahatma Gandhi, Chandra Shekhar Azad, Subhash Chandra Bose etc. Today just ask a student, "What will you do when you grow up?" The prompt reply you will get is, "I'll go abroad. There's nothing left for me in this country. The country is going to the dogs."

At the age of twenty Bhagat Singh was fighting for his country while today at that age students are deciding whether to go to Canada, England or USA. But what good is it? Today India is known across the globe for its culture and heritage. The foreigners who are flocking to India to look at the famous Taj Mahal, Qutub Minar etc. want to learn about our renowned culture which we have forgotten. This is the problem we've been facing. Instead of preserving our culture we are selling it off. Is that why Bhagat Singh and Chandrashekhar Azad gave their lives for? They died thinking that they'll inspire us. They wanted us to pave the path towards a bright future for this country, not to sit back and comment on the sad state of India and do nothing to improve her. This is the impact that modernization has had on us. And unfortunately what has happened cannot be changed. We need to act now. Otherwise our culture will be lost to us forever...

- Param Shah
VIII - C

Q1. 'These days one has to be cautious while writing a book. It could spell disaster.' Atal Bihari Vajpayee said these words about a recent controversial book. Name the book and the author.

Q2. Which creature was responsible for the death of the famous Australian crocodile hunter Steve Irwin?

Q3. Who is the umpire, who made headlines for accusing the Pakistan cricket team of 'ball-tampering'?

Q4. This week the Indian cinema bade good-bye to an ace director who was famous for his movies such as Golmaal and Anand. Who was he?

Q5. Fabio Cannaravo flipped over to Real Madrid after the World Cup. Which club did he belong to before the changeover?

Q6. What statement by the H.R.D minister led to the much debated 'Vande Mataram' issue?

Q7. Why was 'Maulana Masood Azhar', the dreaded terrorist in the news recently?

Q8. The country's first foreign coach, John Wright has written a book on his Indian experiences. Name the book.

Q9. Who is Welham's oldest gardner. He has been here since Ms. Oliphant's time.

Q10. Who inaugurated the L.R.C?

The answers to the last issue's quiz are...

Ans1. GLSV.

Ans 2. Adman Prasoon Joshi has directed the new Happydent advertisement.

Ans 3. Harry Truman was the US President who authorised the dropping of the atom bomb on Hiroshima & Nagasaki.

Ans 4. Michael Schumacher.

Ans 5. They all have been directed by Steven Spielberg

Ans 6. Woodstock Festival

Ans 7. Trevor Berbick was defeated by Mike Tyson, when the latter became the youngest heavy weight champion.

Ans 8. King Philip II said these words to his son, Alexander the Great

Ans 9. David.

Ans 10. Abu Bakr.

The Domino's pizza for the last issue's quiz was won by Akhilesh Jung of class 10.

What's In

Cleaning tables and sweeping floors
The 'Ganju' Gang
Typhoid
Road runs
The new ambulance

Mr. Karna Puri's 'Scottish shades'

What's Out

Detentions
The 'Bushy' gang
Love fever
Socials
The Principal's Scorpio
Mr. Raina's Ray Bans

Ringside View

Rain, exams, injuries, come what may, nothing has been able to deter the school soccer team from putting in remarkable performances, match after match. The team put in a very good performance in their first tournament held in Carman School, Premnagar, making it to the semi-finals. We did not do well in the RIMC Cup and could not make it beyond the group stages. The team entered the Councils Tournament with renewed vigour, the exams having got over and no more mental pressure. As the tournament progressed, and the team continued in its winning ways, the chances of winning the tournament after a long time, shone brightly. However, all dreams were shattered as once again the team lost in the semi-finals. Leading by two goals at half-time against Moravian Institute, we lost to the eventual winners 3-2, with everything going wrong in the second half. The soccer season is now over with only the inter-house matches being played, the results of which will surely be out in the next issue.

Through the Keyhole

Trishang: What system is there in India which allows every adult to vote?

Sanil Chawla: *Universal Adult Frenchfries!!!*

Mr. Lahiri (during the music Inter-House): The music at Welham 4 years ago, sounded like a *Vikram Rolling down Chakrata Road!!!*

Waiter (in Prez, placing a finger bowl after the meal): Sir...

Tushar Saini: *Bhaiya sugar toh le aayo!!!*

Manishek Gupta (excited after the study skills workshop): It was a *faboulastic worksop!*

Ever Wonder Why

1. Mr. Lahiri needs a 'jaadu ki jhappi'?
2. The Bursar still wears sport shoes with formal trousers?
3. The Staff has 'bananas dipped in coffee' for fruit-break?
4. Mr. Tikari (The sound in-charge) rolls up his sleeve as far up as possible and buttons up his Chinese collar shirts?

Friendlies

WBS vs. Elloras Club	1-2 (Lost)
WBS vs. Carman School	5-1 (Won)
WBS vs. RIMC	1-2 (Lost)
WBS vs. GRD Academy	3-0 (Won)
WBS vs. Doon School	3-2 (Won)

Om Prakash Tournament

WBS vs. Gantam Intl. School	5-3 (Won)
WBS vs. KB F.R.I.	3-1 (Won)
WBS vs. Asian School (Q.F)	1-1 (7-6) (Won)
WBS vs. I.T.I.T.I (S.F)	1-3 (Lost)

RIMC Cup

WBS vs. Moravian	1-4 (Lost)
WBS vs. Doon Intl. School	2-2 (Draw)
WBS vs. Sherwood College	0-3 (Lost)

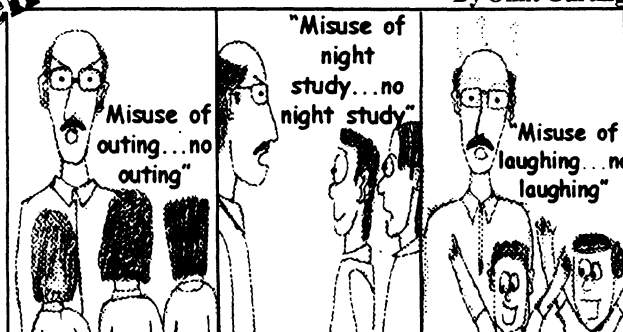
Councils

WBS vs. Carman School	3-0 (Won)
WBS vs. Heritage School	2-0 (Won)
WBS vs. Doon School (Q.F)	2-1 (Won)
WBS vs. Moravian (S.F)	2-3 (Lost)

There is more good news from the Basketball courts. The future of team Welham looks really bright. Ravi, Randhir, Kislay, Rahul and Samarth, (all in class

Well hmmm...

By Omit Gurung





eight) represented Dehra Dun in the State Championship. Dehra Dun emerged as the champions and all five of them were selected to represent Uttaranchal in the Sub-junior National basketball championship, held in Kolkata. Way to go guys!! I hope that these boys go on to emulate the present team which won nearly all the major tournaments this year. The Basketball team has been practicing rigorously as they plan to lay their hands on some more trophies. We wish them luck and hope that they are successful in their endeavours.

The school Table Tennis Team participated in the Councils Tournament and despite not having practiced much, made it to the semi-finals, losing to the eventual winners, Riverdale High School.

In the international sporting scenario, Roger Federer has won yet another Grand Slam. Michael Schumacher cut down Alonso's lead to just two points as he finished on top in the Italian Grand Prix. With only a few races left, an exciting finish is on the cards for all F1 fans. There is bad news for all Indian hockey fans. India hasn't been faring well in the Hockey World Cup.

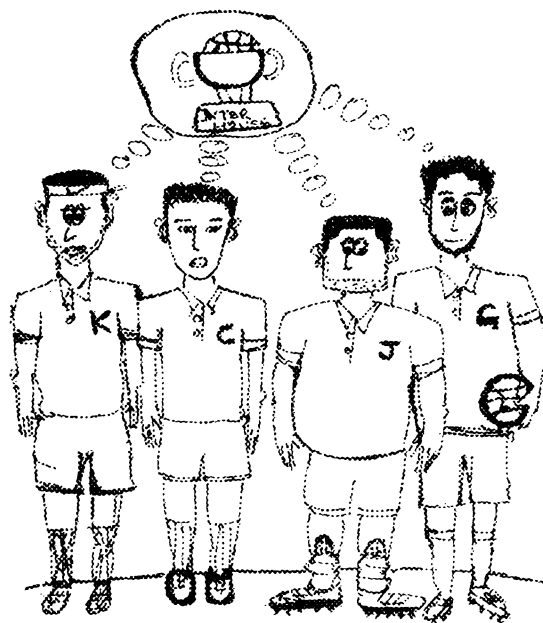
As for football news, the Champions League has just begun and it's time for all soccer fans to let their

imaginations run wild. The match-fixing scandal in Italy has made a huge impact on club football. One of the biggest clubs, Juventus has been relegated and other big clubs such as Barcelona and Real Madrid have

taken advantage of the situation, signing some of the biggest stars of Italian Football. So now, along with Chelsea, these clubs have formed a league of their own. Not only do they have world class players, they also have excellent coaches. While we have all seen Barcelona and Chelsea battle it out in the past two years, it will be interesting to see a new battle altogether. How about Madrid vs. Chelsea? Wouldn't that be a dream Champions League

final? Imagine Terry vs. Cannavaro, Cech vs. Casillas, Nistelrooy vs. Shevchenko. While Ballack and Lampard are masters in the midfield, there is no one like Beckham in supplying sublime crosses in front of goal. Whilst all of you sit and think about this possibility, I'm off to watch the Champions League.

Adios.
Chirantan Singh



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